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GENE AUTRY

COMICS



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GENE AUTRY

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GENE AUTRY

Outlaw ROUNDUP

RECEIVING WORD THAT
RANCHER RUSTY WAYNE
KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT THE FANCHER
GANG'S HIDE-OUT, GENE
AUTRY SOURS TOWARD
THE DINWIDDING W —

WAYNE'S SPREAD LIES
JUST OVER THIS RISE.
CHAND! I SURE HOPE
THIS ISN'T ANOTHER
WILD GOOSE CHASE!

SUNSHOTS! SOUNDS LIKE
WAYNE MIGHT BE HAVIN'
TROUBLE!

GOT HIM,
DASHER!

YEOW!

WHERE'D THAT
GENT COME
FROM?

SEARCH ME!
HOLD HIM OFF
TIL I GIT
THESE CENTERS
OUT O' HERE!

JOE RETURNS SEVE'S FIDE



AND GENE'S SUN ANSWERS



WE GOT BAD NEWS FOR
YOU, DAKOTA! YOUR BOYS
MUFFED THAT TRAIN
ROBBERY A COUPLA
HOURS AGO!

I KNOW! I WAS THERE!
FISHERED WE OUGHTA
TAKE SOMETHIN' BACK
TO TH' BOSS —



SO NEW TH' BOYS DECIDED TO
BERRY A FEW O'
WAYNE'S COWS!
THAT BEEF
TASTES
NIGHTY
GOOD
WHEN IT
AIN'T
DAID FEE!



I HAD TO WING ONE
O' WAYNE'S BOYS!
JEST SMASHED HIS
ARM UP A LITTLE!

DID YOU
KILL WAYNE?



NOW! HE'S INSIDE!
HE AIN'T HURT BAD
BUT HE'LL SHORE
HAVE A HEADACHE
FER A COUPLA DAYS!
HAW! HAW!



GOOD BEEF! GUNS ATRY WITH
HIS HANDS UP! SOMEBODY'S
HOLDIN' A
GUN ON
HIM!





THE TWO MEN GO DOWN, FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES!



DROP IT, DAKOTA!
DROP IT!



SURPRISE, ALTEY! I AINT
THROUGH YET!



FACT IS, YOU'RE TH' ONE
THAT'S ALL FINISHED!



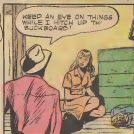
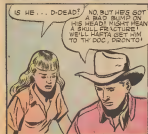
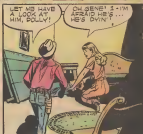
DON'T SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER,
HISTER, OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT
THROUGH YOU!

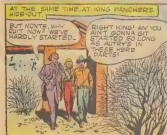


THANKS, POLLY! I GUESS
DAKOTA WON'T BE NEEDIN'
THIS GUN ANY MORE!









STAY, MONTE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER TWO THOUSAND! AS SOON AS THE BOYS GET BACK WITH THE RAILROAD PAYROLL CASH!



YOU WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT, MONTE! THERE'S JOE AN' WASHIE NOW! THE OTHERS'RE PROBABLY CLOSE BEHIND!



HEY, BOSS! ROUN'D UP TH' BOYS! WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

JOE! WASHIE! HURT! WHAT WENT WRONG?



IT'S JUST A SCRATCH! AUBRY BUSTED UP TH' PAYROLL DOBBODY AN' NABBED LEFTY AN' CHECK!

AN' THEN HE GRABBED DANOTA AT WAYNE'S RANCH! DOBBODY GONNA TAKE HIM TO TH' SILVERTID JAIL!



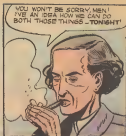
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! GET THE BOYS, MONTE! WE'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT AND...

NOT ME, KING!



I'LL GET TH' BOYS ALL RIGHT! BUT WE AIN'T HEADIN' NO PLACE BUT BACK TO TH' CHEROKEE STRIP!







AM HAVE A LOOK-SEE
ALONG MUSKIEAT RIDGE
IN TH' MORNIN'! MAYBE
WE'LL TURN UP SOMETHIN'!



GO AHEAD! I'LL WAIT HERE
AN' WATCH TH' JAIL FOR
YOU! BY TH' WAY, WHERE'S
FLAPJACK?

HE'S BATIN'
BOSTON BAKED
BEANS WITH
THAT OLD MAID,
ELVIRA DRIBBLE!
BET SHE'S GETTIN'
HER CAD
FOR HIM!



A LOT O' GOOD IT'LL DO
HER! FLAPJACK'S SO
SCARED O' MATRIMONY,
JUST MENTIONIN' IT
GIVES HIM TH' SHAKES!



WAIT HERE WHILE
I HAVE A LOOK
AROUND!

OKAY, KING! BUT
MAKE IT SNAPPY!
WE MIGHT BE
SPOTTED ANY
MINUTE!

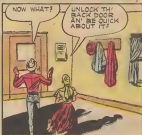


AUTRY! LOOKS LIKE
HE'S ALONE, TOO!
THIS IS LUCK!



SORRY, SENOR! I AM
LOOKING FOR THE
SHERIFF! YOU ARE
HEEM, SENOR?

SORRY, MA'AM! I'M
GONE AUTRY!
SHERIFF HUSBELL'S
OUT! CAN I DO
SOMETHING?









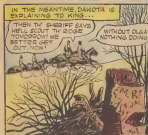


GENE! COME QUICKLY!
DUSTY'S AWAKE AN'
HE WANTS TO SEE
YOU!

THAT SORS
DOUBT! FLURBAG,
YOU STAY HERE AN'
KEEP AN EYE ON
OLGA!



SHOSH WILL, GENE! WON'T
LET HER TRICK ME,
NEITHER!



IN THE MEANTIME, DAKOTA IS
EXPLAINING TO KING...

THEN TH' SHERIFF SAYS
HE'LL SCOUT TH' RIDGE
TOMORROW! WE
BETTER GET
OUT, NOW!

WITHOUT OLGA?
NOTHING DOING!



WE'LL GO TO THE
RIDGE, GET THE
CASH AN' THESE
AND HIDE UP IN
THE SECRET
HIDE-OUT TILL
WE RESCUE
OLGA!

SUPPOSIN' SHE
MAKES A GITAWAY
ON HER OWN!
SHE'S SMART
ENOUGH TO
DO IT!



SHE'LL COME TO THE
SECRET HIDE-OUT! WE
ARRANGED THAT IN
CASE SOMETHING WENT
WRONG! I SAVED HER A
MACH!



LATER THAT NIGHT.

THEY GOT
CLEAR
AWAY!
WHAT'S
NEW
HERE?

DUSTY CAME
TO SAVE
BANCHE'S
HOLE UP IN
A CANYON ON
- MUSKRAT
RIDGE!



TH' ENTRANCE IS
HID BY A GATE FIXED
UP TO LOOK LIKE A
ROCK WALL! HE SAYS
HE SAW FIVE MEN RIDE
OUTA THERE THIS
MORNIN'...





INSIDE THE CANYON.

GOME LAYOUT!
YOU WERE RIGHT,
GENE! THERE
AINT A SMITCH
O' SMOKE FROM
ANY CHIMNEY!

IT MAY BE A TRICK!
LET'S SPLIT UP AN'
SEARCH TH' WHOLE
CANYON! MEET BACK
HERE IN TWENTY
MINUTES!

GENE GOES UP THE CANYON
RIM, ALONE.

mighty quiet
around here!

GREAT GUNS!
THAT RIDER SURE
LOOKS LIKE OLGA!

STRETCH YOUR LESS CHAND!
THO TO ONE, SHE'S ON HER
WAY TO MEET HER HUSBAND!
WONDER HOW SHE GOT LOOSE!

MEANWHILE, IN TOWN.

BUT I DON'T SAVVY
WHY POLLY'D RIDE
OFF SO SUDDEN-LIKE,
WEARIN' GYDSY DUGS!

GOTTA HUNCH
EUSTY! SHE FOUND
SOMETHIN' IN
POCKET! MAYBE
NAP! FISSERS
ON DETECTATIN!
ON HER OWN!

WHERE YUH
GOIN?

TO HAVE OLGA
TALK! IF THERE
WAS A NAP, SHE'LL
KNOW ABOUT IT!

BUT YUH CAN'T
MANHANDLE A
FEMALE, RUSTY!

I DON'T AIM TO!
I'LL JUST UP AN'
SHOOT HER IF
SHE CLAMPS UP!

OUT ON MUSKRAT RIDGE.

I'M SURE PUZZLED! GENE'S
PLUMB DISAPPEARED! RECKON
WE'LL HEAD OUT O' HERE AN'
SCOUT AROUND FOR HIM!

SO THE POSSE LEAVES THE
HIDDEN CANYON.

AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER.

LOOK, SHERIFF!
A RIDER!

GREAT GUNS!
IT'S FLAPJACK!
SOMETHIN'
MUST BE
WOONG!

HEY, FLAPJACK!
WAIT! WHAT'S
UP?

PLENTY! GOT NO
TIME FOR GABBING
THOUGH! BOLLED ME!
TELL YUH ON WHY!

AT THE SAME MOMENT.

SURES I'D BETTER
GO ON FOOT FROM
HERE!









"CHAMPEEN" BEAN SHOOTER

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Sam Kent climbed into the buckboard and picked up the reins. Then he looked down at his two young sons standing alongside the wagon. "Mebbe I ought to stay till Chuck an' Tam get back," he said frowning slightly. "They prob'ly won't show up till after dark."

Dick grinned at his father. "Shucks, Pa, we'll be okay."

Bobby nodded violent agreement. "Besides, if you don't go now, Pa, you won't get to Cascade in time to meet Mom . . . an' she'll maybe think somethin's wrong . . . an' —"

"Aw, dry up!" Dick interrupted, giving his younger brother a half-playful, half-serious push. He looked back at his father. "Don't worry 'bout us, Pa. If anybody was to show up an' start somethin', reckon I'm big enough to give 'em an argument."

A faint smile curved Sam's lips. Dick WAS big. Brawny, too. Looked a heap sight older than fifteen.

"An' I ain't so AWFUL little," Bobby piped up. "I betcha I could sure do a lotta damage with this li'l ol' bean-shooter." He swished the metal tube through the air. "I'm a champeen—"

"Quiet! I"

This time there was no playfulness in the shove Dick gave Bobby. The ten-year-old went off-balance to sprawl in the dust of the ranch road. Sharp words of reproof rose to Sam's lips, but he held them back when he saw that Bobby was on his feet again almost immediately and was looking at Dick with obvious pride.

"Gosh, Dick, you're stronger'n Pa, I betcha!" Bobby's voice was chockful of admiration.

Dick squared his shoulders. "Not yet, I ain't—but I'm strong enough to make you toe the mark. An' to look out for the stock an' such, too."

Sam pulled the reins taut. "Sure you are, Dick. I got a heap o' faith in—" he included Bobby in his smile and words—"in both o' you. Tell Chuck and Tam I said for them to sleep in the house tonight. Mom an' I'll be out early tomorrow mornin'. She'll need a mite o' restin' after her long trip." He clucked to the roan and the buckboard started to roll. Above the rattle of its wheels, he called a last admonition: "If you spot the Utah Kid, don't try to capture him. Just let him take what he wants an' go on his way."

"Who's the Utah Kid?" Bobby fitted a bean into the shooter and let fly at a distant fence post.

"Gosh, Bobby," Dick said, "I wish you'd lose that darned bean-shooter. Ping—spang—bing! All day long."

Bobby shrugged. "I like to shoot beans."

"That shows you're a dumb ox," declared Dick.

"I ain't," Bobby frowned. "You are! You didn't tell me who's the Utah Kid."

"The Utah Kid's a plenty bad hombre. He robbed the express company over at Gopher Ridge two days ago an' killed the agent. There's a big reward out for him, an' some talk that he's headed this way."

"You mean he's headed here."

"Course not. We've got nothin' he'd want."

"We got food," suggested Bobby, "an' horses."

Dick started toward the barn. "So

has every other ranch. There ain't but one chance in a hundred the Utah Kid'll pick on ours if he gets hungry or needs a fresh mount."

But the Utah Kid did just that. Bobby and Dick were finishing supper when he bulked large and dust-stained and belligerent in the back door, the waning sun glinting on an ugly six gun in his right hand.

"Don't make no noise," he growled, coming on into the kitchen.

"Nobody'd hear us if we did," said Bobby before Dick could catch his breath. "We're alone here."

The big man lost some of his tenseness. "Wal, ain't that swell? Meet th' Utah Kid, boys."

"Howdy," said Bobby. "I'm Bobby Kent on 'e's Dick on—"

"Shut up!" snapped Dick. "What do you want, mister?"

With his free hand, the Utah Kid pulled out a chair. "Grub!" he barked, sitting down. "Some tuh eat here an' some more tuh pack with me. Then I'll take that paint horse in th' corral—"

"You mean Calico?" interrupted Bobby, giving Dick a sharp, sidelong glance. "That's Dick's horse." He gave Dick another sharp look. This time, Dick caught its meaning. Very slowly, he began to push his chair away from the table.

Crash! Under cover of Bobby's chattering, Dick had tilted the table toward the outlaw. The Kid was falling backward, but he did not hit the floor. Like a cat, he landed on his feet. His gun came up, but Dick was smashing a hard right into his stomach so he could not pull the trigger. The gun clattered to the floor. The Kid's big fists lashed out as Dick closed in. Bobby crouched against the stove. No use trying to reach the Kid's gun. But maybe he could do something . . .

Two minutes later, Dick was still on his feet but Bobby could see that his legs were wobbling. The outlaw was facing the stove. Bobby slid some beans into the shooter . . . took careful aim.

Sping! The first bean caught the Utah Kid in the right eye. Spang! The second bean found his left eye. He

yowled with rage and pain. Snatching the big iron skillet from the stove, Bobby rushed forward.

"Here, Dick!" he yelled. "Smack him with this!"

When the Utah Kid came to, he was handcuffed and the kitchen was full of possemen. Smiling at Dick and Bobby was a man with a sheriff's star pinned to his coat. He was saying:

"I'm sure glad me'n the posse stopped by to fill up our canteens. Saves you boys from guardin' this pole-cat till the hands get back."

"Oh, we wouldn't o' minded," said Bobby.

"Your pa an' ma'll be mighty proud o' you," the sheriff continued, "when they hear how you nabbed the Utah Kid an' earned the reward. I still don't figger how you did it."

Dick winked at Bobby with the eye that wasn't blackened. "Teamwork, Sheriff. Bobby's talkin' threw the Kid off guard so's I could dump the table on him. But the beanshooter an' the skillet really did the trick."

Bobby winked back at Dick. "It's lucky I'm a dumb ox of a beanshooter, ain't it, Dick?"

Dick reddened. "I was wrong about that, Bobby . . . and I'm sorry. It takes brains to learn how to shoot beans like that!"

Bobby grinned in happy triumph.



The Jayhawkers

EIGHTY YEARS AGO, JAYHAWKERS HAUNTED THE TRAILS OVER WHICH HERDS WERE DRIVEN NORTH TO THE LIVESTOCK MARKETS. ONE DAY, NEAR THE OLD MISSOURI-INDIAN TERRITORY ...

RECKON 'D BETTER SHINE UP MY SADDLE, TURK! THAT HERD'LL BE CROSSIN' TH' CREEK AFORE LONG!

AN' THEY'LL BE CHANGIN' OWNERS, TOO!

I SURE HOPE TH' FOLKS WHO VOTED YOU SHERIFF NEVER GOT WISE TO THIS LITTLE GAME!

OUT WORRYIN'! WE'RE SAFE AS LONG AS THEM DUMB CATTLEMEN KEEP THEIR RESPECT FOR TH' LAW!

LOOK, JAKE! THERE'S ONLY TWO RIDERS WITH THIS OUTFIT! THIS'LL BE A CINCH!

IT'S A CINCH WITH OUR SETUP! LET'S MOVE!



'PEARS LIKE WE GOT COMPANY, ANDY! TIGHT-LOOKIN' BIRDS, TOO!

YEAH, GILBE! THEY LOOK JUST LIKE JAYHAWKERS! BUT THAT BREED O' OWLS GOT USUALLY RUNS IN PACKS - NOT PAIRS!

WELL, THEY WON'T GET THE 2 PAWS ON THESE STEERS! NOT WHILE I CAN SQUEEZE A TRIGGER!

HOLD IT, GILBE! THEN HAWKERS ARE LAWFUL!







'TOO BAD' I WAS
HANKERIN' FOR
SOME 'TARGET
PRACTICE'!



SORRY, SHERIFF!
GILLIE WON'T RAISE
NO MORE DUCKS!
'SPECIALLY SINCE
YOU'RE ONLY DOIN'
YOUR DUTY'!

GLAD YOU FEEL
LIKE THAT,
LANE! GUSSE
WE WON'T HAFTA
HANDCUFF
YOU!



NOW MEN MY DEPUTY'LL
RUN TH' HERD INTO
THAT BOX CANYON,
YONDER!



RECKON I'M BLUMB
LOD, ANDY! THAT
LOWDOWN CROCK
WAS TRYIN' TO
MAKE ME SHOOT.
WASN'T HE?

RIGHT! IT'S A
JAYHAWKIN' TRICK!
MAKE YOU MAD,
THEN BLAST YOU
DOWN FOR
RESISTIN'!



GONNA STAND BY
AN' LET 'EM STEAL
OUR HERD, ANDY?

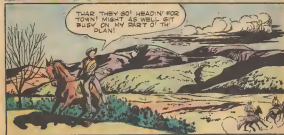
NO! I GOT A
IDEA...



AS JAKE AND TURK HEARD THE
CATTLE INTO THE CANYON, ANDY
OUTLINES HIS PLAN...

IT'S WITH TRYIN', ANDY!
BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!
THEN JASPER'S ARE
KILLERS!

DON'T WORRY
'BOUT IT,
GILLIE! IT'LL
WORK!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

I'LL ONLY GET ONE CHANCET
AT THIS! GOTTA MAKE IT
GOOD!



WHAT TH--!



YOU'LL GO TO
JAIL FOR LIFE!
OBSTRUCTIN'
A LAWMAN IN
TH' LINE O'
DUTY!

I AINT
WORRIED!



LATER

CAN'T YOU SPEED UP
THAT CANUSE, LANE?
HE'S GITTIN' SLOWER
BY TH' MILE!

HE'S TOSOLAN!
HE'S THIRSTY,
TOO! CAN'T WE
STOP A
MINUTE?



I'D LIKE TO GET
TO LONGHORN
AFTER SUNDOWN!

MAYBE YOU
WILL, SHERIFF.



... IF IT AIN'T
TOO FAR TO
WALK!





MOVE, SON!



GOSH, SHERIFF! LOOKIT YOUR PONY TRAVEL! YOU OUGHTA RACE HIM AT TH' COUNTY FAIR!

YOU YOU!



IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, SHERIFF! REMEMBER - A MITE O' BATHIN' NEVER HURT NOBODY!



ANDY RACES BACK TO MEET AND TRADE STORIES WITH GILLIE.

AN' THAT'S ALL THERE HUZ TO IT, ANDY! THE HERD'S READY TO GO! JEST WAITIN' FOR YOU TO GIT BACK!

GOOD! LET'S HEAD 'EM ACROSS TH' LINE, PRONTO! WE'LL LEAVE TUCK HERE!



A LITTLE LATER.

WELL, GILLIE, THIS IS ONE HERD THEM COOKS WON'T BE STEALIN'!

TH' DANGERY COWTOS! PULLIN' THAT TEXAS PEVER SCARE SO'S THEY COULD STEAL OUR HERD!



LET'S SHOVE 'EM, GILLIE! I WANTA GIT TH' U.S. MARSHAL AFTER THEM BIRDS!

YEP! AN' WITH HIM ON TH' JOB THERE WON'T BE NO MORE JAYHAWKIN' IN THIS NECK O' TH' WOODS!



